

100 Days

I have
failed as a
therapist.

of

I don't know
nothing.

Therapeutical

Insanity



Belle Groves

100 Days of Therapeutic Insanity

By Belle Grooves



For all my brothers and sisters and their purposeful insanity.
Most especially for Layney and Leo.
Thank you for your lunacy.

DAY 1:

"I don't know nothing."

"Umm... what did you just say?"

"How about... the ring."

"Right..."

"I laid down yesterday."

"Why would you tell me that?"

"Books are stacked up on my head..."

"Okay, buddy. I think that's enough."

"Computers use... batteries...?"

"Uh, what?"

"Stupid bouncy balls!"

"Bro, seriously. Take a breather. Chill."

"Henry exploded by a bomb."

"Oh. OH. Wow. That's... That's, uh, pretty intense..."

"Oh, darn it. I want an exploding bomb."

"Okay. I think that's enough for today..."

DAY 2:

"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious is the greatest word in the world. Period too bad no matter what anyone else says."

"All right. I mean, I guess that's a nice and... long word."

"I know. How?"

"How what? What are you talking about?"

"Dragon is a book."

"Uh, well, I mean, I suppose it might be... but, uh..."

"Fujimoto."

"Who's that?"

"Poop. 12:30 at night."

"Whoa, bro. That's disgusting. Please, no more potty mouth."

"Something random, also lights."

"You want to talk about lights and... and something random? All right. I can get on board with that."

"Addicted to books certificate."

"You know what? This isn't getting anywhere. Let's do this tomorrow."

DAY 3:

"Okay, let's take it from the top. Tell me about yourself."

"I have no control."

"Well, that's not good. You might try to work on that."

"Pens usually aren't in pizza, but sometimes you can find them in ice-cream."

"Where did you learn that?"

"Dimitri from Argentina told me."

"Who's Dimitri?"

"He's ostentatious."

"That's a big word. Do you know what it means?"

"Packets of jelly."

"Umm, well, no. No, not really at all. Why would you think that?"

"Because of execution."

"..."

DAY 4:

"I ate a bomb yesterday."

"Wait, what? When?"

"I like to eat burgers too."

"Okay, that's good. Me too. But let's go back to the part about the bomb."

"Uncles usually aren't fat, but sometimes they eat lots of doughnuts."

"Great. But what about the BOMB?"

"It's close by."

"That's disturbing."

"I say, what do you have in your pocket? A brain?"

"Buddy, let's... let's both take deep breaths. All right?"

"That pig is red and green... but it's not Christmas yet."

"Right. Okay. I'll see you tomorrow."

DAY 5:

"Let's talk about something neutral today. How has your day been?"

"My day's day been great so far. I robbed two banks, and I haven't been caught yet."

"That's... really *not* okay. I mean, seriously. Let's talk about... something different. Anything. Please. Just change the subject."

"Why are you dancing a jig?"

"I'm just a little nervous. I can stop if you want me to. Do you want me to?"

"Of course I want you to. As long as you do it with someone else first."

"Well, you're the only other person in here..."

"Yes, but you've only got a pistol and I've got a machine gun."

"You know what? I think I'll stop now. Let's not talk anymore for the rest of the day."

DAY 6:

"Then, suddenly and unexpectantly, I was launched through a cheese grater!"

"So, that's definitely *not* normal, but I'm interested. What happened after that?"

"Well, I don't know. But it kinda looked like that guy got shot. It was really unclear..."

"Wait. You don't know for sure whether the guy was shot? Who was this guy?"

"The handsomest man you ever saw. He had a unibrow and a purple tuxedo."

"We have hugely different definitions of handsome. Anyway, how... how are your children?"

"Swell. I mean, my youngest robbed her first bank. My oldest burnt the house down. And my middle kid, well, he became a millionaire. He didn't know what to do with the money, though, so he tried to burn it in the oven. There wasn't enough room for that."

"Yikes. I want you to think about that really hard and tell me if you think that's the proper way to raise your children."

"Nope, I don't."

"Then why, pray tell, did you let them do those things?!"

"Well, because they seemed like nice things to do. Until they started gambling. Then again, gambling is pretty dang fun."

"I'm finished. Go home and have a serious talk with your children. We'll talk more tomorrow."

"Oh, they're not home."

"Where are they?"

"They're underground. And one tried to build a tower to heaven, but he failed."

"Ooookay. I'll see you... tomorrow..."

DAY 7:

"Before I ask you anything, please promise to tell the truth. I

don't want to hear any of your insane... things. Okay?"

"KO means killed opponent."

"But I said OK. As in, are you okay?"

"No, not really. A nuke just landed on my head."

"There aren't any bombs in here, bro. You're scaring me."

"Are purple polka dots and yellow bees scary?"

"They are when you say them. Let's talk about you. How are you feeling?"

"Bacon?"

"Uh... Pardon?"

"Bacon."

"Right. I got that. But how do you feel?"

"Bacon."

"... Let's try this. What is your name?"

"BACON."

"Until tomorrow."

DAY 8:

"Bob."

"I mean, Bob is an okay name. Is that your name?"

"What? No, man. My name is Shelfy."

"Shelfy? That's not even a name. That's not even a *word*."

"Nonsense."

"Yeah, that we can agree on... Now then. Tell me your favorite color."

"Blood-red."

"Why not just plain red?"

"Because I see blood-red most often."

"Why?"

"Everywhere I go, people die."

"That's really dark. Who died?"

"Everyone."

"What about me? I'm still alive."

"Or are you? We both might just be in heaven."

"Oh my..."

DAY 9:

"Banana peels."

"Do you like bananas?"

"The yellow things that are in Lego sets?"

"Umm, no. No, I meant the fruit, actually..."

"Hammond the Third had an organ."

"Who's Hammond the Third?"

"He's a Lego guy with a beard that touches the floor."

"What is it with you and Legos?"

"Well, I like them because they're good to eat when you're hungry."

"Ah, the banana thing makes more sense now... But why do you eat plastic?"

"It melts in your mouth."

"I don't think I've ever personally experienced that."

"Umm... Piano!"

"All right. Let's take a long break..."

DAY 10:

"I'll make it easy for you today. Hello."

"What are you doing today? Not nuking the capital, I hope."

"Uh, well, no, I'm not. Were you going to?"

"I was going to fly to the ice-cream shop. But then I realized it was closed and Patrick wasn't there."

"All right. That's better than what I was expecting. What happened after you went to the ice-cream shop?"

"Well, I got ice-cream, but it turned out to be toothpaste."

"But I thought the shop was closed...?"

"What shop?"

"Oh boy. Okay. Did you eat the toothpaste?"

"Yes, and then my teethe got dirty."

"And how did that make you feel?"

"Sane."

"Wow. WOW. You felt... sane? Are we talking about the same person? You actually had a moment of sanity?"

"What's sanity?"

"Scratch that. We'll talk tomorrow afternoon."

DAY 11:

"All right. I'll say a word and you tell me the first thing that comes to mind. Color."

"Orange juice."

"Bright."

"Pineapple."

"Vehicle."
"Car."
"Drink."
"Bloody Mary."
"Weapon."
"Ninja sword."
"Morning."
"Day."
"Night."
"In shining armor."
"Okay, goodbye."
"Hello."

DAY 12:

"It all started the day I died. And the funeral was trash. Can you believe they didn't even bring flowers?"

"Actually, yes, I can. How, exactly, did you die?"

"I got stabbed in the ear with a fish tooth."

"How did that kill you?"

"It went right to my brain. Long tooth."

"Right. And how do you know they didn't bring flowers?"

"I was there. It was my funeral. What are you gonna ask next? How I'm here talking to you if I'm dead?"

"Actually, yes. That was my next question..."

"When I was young, I only had three popsicles as toys. And they were my food too. I mean, what was I supposed to do? Eat it or play with it?"

"That's a tough decision. Did you eat it or play with it?"

"Both. I mean, I had three. I can survive a long time with only one popsicle."

"No, you can't. But let's talk about what happened before you died. Where were you?"

"Just on the streets. You know, walking around."

"Okay. And then?"

"I set off the nuke."

"Oh. Wow. Where did this happen? How many people died?"

"I thought I told you. On the streets of Madagascar. The death count was in the trillions... Of lemurs, that is."

"But how many people died?"

"Two. It's Madagascar, there aren't people."

"Why haven't you been taken to jail?"

"I killed the only people there, man."

"Oh."

DAY 13:

"I'll begin with a *very* simple question. What is your name?"

"Chuck Cleaver."

"Really?"

"Really? Are you saying you don't believe me? How are you supposed to help me if you don't believe me?"

"Wait. Do you really want my help?"

"Do you have a gun?"

"Why would you ask that? Do you feel insecure?"

"Do you?"

"I'm beginning to..."

DAY 14:

"Do you have a lighter and perhaps... a flame thrower?"

"Umm... I don't, no."

"Do you want to know something stupid? The man whose reflection is yours."

"What does that even mean?"

"Don't you understand common logic? It means what it means."

"Right, I thought so... Okay. Let's try to have an ordinary everyday conversation. What's your favorite song?"

"The cookie eating song."

"Gotcha... Now--"

"Wait, I know my favorite song. 'Quack, quack kill! I will destroy you! Mournful the duck hates all of you!'"

"Right. Where did you hear that... song?"

"My neighbor's baby."

DAY 15:

"Do you know what the name of the phobia of being watched by a duck is?"

"I do. It's anatidaephobia. Are you afraid of ducks?"

"No, but sometimes I still hear the screams at night..."

"That's interesting. Now tell me something about yourself. Anything you want me to know."

"Once upon a time, there was a guy named Jeff. Jeff, Jeff, Jeff! He was a parrot-dog. A killer! Have you seen their faces? They're flat. And they scream. They're really fat."

"Isn't that about Jeff?"

"Who?"

"Jeff. I thought the question was pretty straight forward... How did you come across Jeff?"

"He came across me."

"He did?"

"Oh, sorry. I remember now. I came across him in my mailbox."

"Why was he in your mailbox?"

"He was my mail. I ordered him from Amazon."

"Okay. I'll see you Monday."

DAY 16:

"What was your first pet?"

"A stupid pig."

"Why do you call it a stupid pig?"

"Do you have a stupid pig?"

"Uh, no."

"Then I guess you'll never know. But I'll tell you, mine is still stuck to my ceiling."

"Why haven't you gotten it down?"

"You can't ruin the excitement. I stare at it for days on end. It's so... pleasing."

"Why do you find pleasure in staring at this stupid pig?"

"Because that's the game. Whoever stares at it the longest wins."

"Who do you play with?"

"Me, myself, and I."

"So... you play alone?"

"Did I say that?"

"Well, yes. You kind of did... But moving on. What do you like doing?"

"Watching and learning. Those are my two favorite pass-times. You know, from cars driving by, to stupid pigs, to people's lives slipping through my fingers."

"That's really dark. Do you enjoy... people's lives slipping through your fingers...?"

"Depending on who it is. Take you for example... Well, we'll have to find out."

Day 17:

"Let's talk about your parents. What did your father look like?"

"Well, he looked like a witch, but he was really just a--"

"I'm gonna stop you right there. We'll talk tomorrow."

DAY 18:

"Okay. Why did the chicken go on the road and get ran over?"

"I'm not sure. Why did he?"

"Because he's so stupid."

"That makes sense. Do you like singing?"

"Boxing. *Beat* boxing."

"What kind of songs do you beat box?"

"Double dark chocolate! D-double chocolate dark chocolate!"

"Do you like double dark chocolate?"

"They're the sweetestist deliciousist little pieces of sandy crackers, that are cookies, you've ever had."

"All right. Tell me how your mother is."

"She's dirty."

"Why is she dirty?"

"Because I buried her. Underground. With my children."

"Please, let's talk literally about anything else."

"Wait, I could've sworn I ate that the other day."

"Ate what?"

"Eight stars in the midnight sky."

"There are more than eight stars."

"Did you count them?"

"Well, no. But if you look up, it's pretty obvious."

"The bloody end."

DAY 19:

"But then I can't go out. Now I'm not gonna survive!"

"What happened to you?"

"Because there's a ghost that exists that's messing with Dad's computer."

"Do you live with your father?"

"That?"

"That what?"

"I want to feel my father's lungs."

"I am genuinely horrified right now."

"Wanna be more scared? I know a piano song and the words are:
Dolly dear, Sandman's near. You will soon be sleeping."

"Do you believe in the Sandman?"

"Only if his name is Sanda Claus."

"Okay. What about Santa Claus?"

"Santa Claus? I hate that jelly joker! He once made me give all my belongings to the other people. And then he flew by and, let me tell you, he must've been on drugs. He flung his head around, screaming HO HO HO HO! We call him the Red Barron, the Idiot of the Skies. You know, the guy who wears black instead of red. My dad once told me the reason he only comes around once a year, is because he's in jail the rest of the year for breaking and entering. Another nickname for him is Duke McMoneybags. He doesn't give you anything. All that breaking and entering, he does that for a reason."

"Whoa."

DAY 20:

"Do you have any friends?"

"You."

"Am I really your friend?"

"Do you have money? How much are you willing to sacrifice for me? Are you willing to go to jail?"

"Why would I go to jail?"

"You asked me."

"Yes, I did. Are you going to answer me?"

"It depends on the foreseeable future. I mean, unforeseeable. It's not like I have plans."

"And, theoretically, if you did have plans. What would they be?"

"What would be me...?"

"Is that a question?"

"I believe so."

"How can you not be sure?"

"Are you unsure, doctor?"

"Maybe a little bit. But this isn't about me. It's about you."

"No. That's insane."

"I might be beginning to agree with you... Do you know--"

"No, I don't. The answer to that is negatory. If I knew, I

wouldn't be here with the likes of you."

"But I thought I was your friend?"

"Friends are... detachable."

"Detachable?"

"Yes. Like being able to take off of things."

"Are you implying I... was attached to you?"

"Were you? That's touching."

"I'm glad at least one of us thinks so... What do you like to drink?"

"Walmart brand water."

"Why Walmart brand?"

"Because it's salty, like the ocean."

"And do you enjoy salty ocean water?"

"It brings back such grand memories."

"Memories of what?"

"The beach."

"Do you like being on the beach?"

"Does anyone like being on the beach when they could be *under* it?"

"Do they?"

"I was asking you, man. This is a serious conundrum I've been pondering for a while. Answer me."

"I don't enjoy being under things."

"Then how do you feel, being under this roof?"

DAY 21:

"So, Mr. Bella, how do you like your sandwiches? Smiling while you chomp them in half, or depressed... like you?"

"Is there a third option?"

"Are you suggesting that there are other emotions that sandwiches have besides happiness and depression? Have you spoken to an angry sandwich? A melancholy sandwich?"

"Well, no. Have you?"

"Have I what? Taken a bite of the other kinds of sandwiches? No, I haven't because they don't exist! I prefer them to be smiling, then I know they're happy till the end."

"While we're on the subject of sandwiches, what do you put in your sandwiches?"

"Anything I have on hand. Literally. If it lands on my hand, I

chomp it."

"What about your skin?"

"Did that land on my hand? That *is* my hand."

"So if I were to touch your hand..."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

DAY 22:

"Let's try this again. I'll say something, then you'll say the first word you think of. Happy."

"Bad."

"Comfort."

"Evilness."

"Gladness."

"Synonym."

"Antonym."

"Synonym."

"Sunshine."

"Lollipops."

"Now we're getting somewhere. Father."

"Yes."

"No."

"Actually, yes."

"Okay. One more. Murder."

"Suspicious okay."

DAY 23:

"Yesterday was... a little bit better. Do you agree?"

"Than?"

"All the previous days."

"What was wrong with the previous days? I thought we were getting somewhere. Mentally and emotionally."

"All right... What have you done today?"

"Put on a dunce cap to eat my peanut pizza."

"Why would you wear a dunce cap?"

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Well, I'm not a dunce."

"That's rude."

"How so?"

"Do you know what that means?"

"What do you think it means?"

"The epitome of pointedness. I mean, it's pointier than anything I've ever seen. Pointy hat, pointy pizza."

"Why do you like pointy things?"

"Because I like knives. And I eat scissors."

"Okay then. I'll see you later."

DAY 24:

"I've been expecting you, Alexnader."

"That's not my name."

"Liar."

"You know very well that my name is Mr. Bella."

"Uh-huh. Bellaboy. Oh wait, that's your son, right? I know where you live..."

"..."

DAY 25:

"Let's start it off with a simple question. What is your favorite color now?"

"Silver."

"Why is that?"

"It's the same color as my knives and bullets."

"How often do you use bullets?"

"How often do I not?"

"Why do you use bullets so often?"

"Do you know what they used to call me back in the day? The Trashman, because I really like taking out the trash."

"Does your mother ask you to take out the trash?"

"No, because I took it out one too many times."

"What does that mean?"

"Use your imagination."

DAY 26:

"Fire. Water. Earth. Air. Sweet potatoes."

"Sweet potatoes?!"

"Yeah. The ones that are sweet... potatoes."

"What do you think of sweet potatoes?"

"More accurately, what do sweet potatoes think of me?"

"What do they think of you?"

"Does it look I can speak potato sweets?"

"Is that a language?"

"No. It's a dialogue."

"If I made sweet potato pie for you, would you eat it?"

"Yes. With a vengeance."

"What do you have against sweet potatoes?"

"They took my only sweetness."

DAY 27:

"Tell me about your family, excluding your father."

"Why? Do you want to meet him?"

"What part of that makes you think I would want to meet your father?"

"Because he wants to meet you."

"Right, I'll take it into consideration... Do you have a brother or sister?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Yep. Mmm-hmm. That's right."

"All right. Let's play a game. Would you rather sit in this room or be with your family?"

"Would you rather have a tea party?"

"Or...?"

"Exactly."

DAY 28:

"How old are you?"

"I'm your age times three, divided by seven, plus the right amount that equals my age."

"So, you don't know how old you are?"

"No, but you don't. And that's the way I like it."

"Okay. How old do you think I am?"

"Older than me."

"What if I'm younger than you?"

"You're not."

"How can you be sure?"

"Because... you're my dad."

"No. I'm certainly not. Do you know who your father is?"

"Of course. We had a picnic just tomorrow. With our pet, Tyrano."

"What is a Tyrano?"

"A name. I thought you were meant to be smart or something."

"I'm smarter than you."

"So? You love confusing me."

"What?"

"Three rabbits chasing one dog. Isn't that backward?"

"You lost me."

DAY 29:

"This might shock you, but I had a pet frog. Barf the frog. If you aren't surprised, at least act like it. Please, I'm trying to give you a surprise party."

"That's a kind gesture. What's the surprise party for?"

"You. Man, it was a surprise even after I told you. I shouldn't have told you. I didn't know you were that thick. Anyway, you know who's throwing it with me?"

"Why don't you tell me."

"A pony with my dad on its back."

"What kind of pony?"

"Like a normal one, you know? I mean, it's your birthday, not someone who's special. Well, I don't know your birthday, so..."

"Right. Let's talk about something else. Where is the surprise party being?"

"In my house. Where I live. Which is my house where I live. But you can't ask where I live yet because then you'll be there before it's ready. Before all the balloons are filled with the proper gases."

"That's a weird way of putting that."

"And dolphins. The worstest enemy of mine."

"Why do you hate dolphins?"

"Because they lay their eggs in your brain while they scream. And don't give me that crap about dolphins being mammals. They scream over and over again, like someone being stabbed. The pain, the pain!"

DAY 30:

"How did your day start?"

"I went to sleep in the morning and woke up at night with a fist-full of hair."

"Umm, hair?"

"What, do you not understand what's on the top of your head right now? It's like fingernails, only thinner. Like spaghetti."

"I suddenly have a distaste for spaghetti. Now, whose hair?"

"The person who I saw the day before. Who's different every day. Except for one person I see every day."

"First of all, that makes zero sense. Second of all, you see me every day."

"Wow. You're smart. You know where I keep the hair? In a special ever-growing drawer of forests and hair. And you know what I do with the hair? I bake pillows of hair for the poor, so when they lay down, they know someone's near."

"That's... not good. Nobody wants to sleep on a pillow of hair."

"Have you tried it? Don't you sleep on a pillow of hair every night when you lay down?"

"I suppose you make a good point."

DAY 31:

"I stopped by the store to get you something. Do you like eating chocolate?"

"No because crocodiles eat dog meat. And they drink lava."

"Who told you that?"

"No one told me anything. I told you before, I don't know nothing."

"But you know that crocodiles eat... dog meat and drink lava."

"Doesn't anyone know that?"

"I didn't know that... Do you want the chocolate or not?"

"Yes. All the chocolate. After you eat all of it first."

"Okay. I'll eat it and then you can have it."

"But then it will be gone. I knew you didn't wanna give me any. Just like my dad!"

"Why do you keep comparing me to your dad?"

"It's almost as if you were evil..."

"How did you come to that conclusion?"

"Like a simple human."

"Does your dad like chocolate?"

"Does my dad exist? Yes, therefore he likes chocolate. If you don't like chocolate, you're not real. I learned that the hard way."

"Then... are you real?"

"I once wasn't. But now, to do the things I want to do, I must eat chocolate once in a while to sustain my buff body. Otherwise, I'll turn into a ghost like I was three billion years ago."

"Billion?"

"Do you question my age?"

"You don't even know how old you are."

"Who?"

"You. You don't know your own- Never mind..."

DAY 32:

"Why did you lock the door?"

"I didn't. It's tilted."

"..."

DAY 33:

"You know the drill. I'll say something simple. Light."

"Dark."

"Bed."

"Frog."

"Toad."

"Bob."

"Joe."

"Tower."

"Princess."

"Brick."

"House."

"Brick."

"Cement."

"Deep."

"Shallow."

"You."

DAY 34:

"I once learned from a gun that you don't shoot people in the head twice."

"Oh. How did you happen to learn that?"

"From a gun. The one that shot me right here... in my back head."

"Back head?"

"Yeah. You have a forehead. Why can't you have a back head?"

"Well, it's just the back of your head... All right. Why were you shot?"

"I'll tell you if you want to know. But only if you're sure you want to know. Because there's no turning back."

"Okay. Tell me."

"Oh. About that little orange square over there?"

"No. About the reason you got shot."

"Which time? Sometimes it's difficult to remember when I was shot and when I was stabbed with, like, a knife."

"Never mind. Do you know how to use a gun?"

"Do I know how to breathe? They're one in the same. I was born shooting. And you know who I shot first?"

"Let me guess. Your father?"

"Yes. I knew you would know since it was you."

"Wait. Since it was me?"

"The alien. Obviously."

"Obviously... What's your favorite animal?"

"A gunslinger type of kangaroo."

"That's a bit strange and completely disturbing. Do you know what a gunslinger is?"

"Are you seriously asking if I know myself?"

"Yourself. Right. I should have guessed."

DAY 35:

"I thought of you on my way here. I wondered whether you have any mottos?"

"Lie, lie, lie, that's my motto."

"Are you saying you've been lying this entire time?!"

"Are you saying you haven't? Are you suggesting that you have even cared about me for one second?"

"I do care about you."

"Oh-ho. Then how old am I? If you answer on your first try, I won't take your pinky and store it in my computer box."

"I no longer care about your age. What is a computer box?"

"Scissors in a box."

DAY 36:

"I want you to take this question seriously. Why do you dislike your father?"

"Who said I didn't like him? He is, after all, an alien."

"This is a new development..."

"Hey, I'll tell you my middle name if you tell me yours."

"Well, my middle name is Donathan. Now tell me yours."

"Adolf. I think it sounds like my father's name."

"What's your father's name?"

"My father's name is Randolph."

"That sort of sounds similar... What does your father do?"

"He makes computer boxes."

"With scissors in them?"

"No. He usually puts pies in there with little pepperonis in them. Like strawberry pies."

"Right then. Why do you think I'm your father?"

"Who said you were? My father is smart. You're like a sapling, just trying to grow and be smart, but you can't."

DAY 37:

"My father died when he was two."

"Then how is he still alive?"

"Don't worry about that. This is a serious conversation. It must sound real."

"Okay. Please, continue."

"I met a man who gave me a shirt. As I got older, it grew with me. I mean, that's unrealistic. I gave it to my son. And, it turns out, that I will tell you my age. If you forget that my father is alive because he is a secret."

"Deal. How old are you?"

"33."

"Then I am older than you!... What happened after you gave your shirt to your son?"

"He, uh, wore it on his body like a shirt. And he cherished it until he grew too big for it and had to burn it so he wouldn't be homeless. Wait, that's ridiculous."

"Okay... Where do you work?"

"I have three jobs. I am responsible and keep up money for my ever-growing family."

"How many kids do you have?"

"An uneven amount."

"And what's your wife's name?"

"Penny."

"Do you really love Penny?"

"I did. When she was living. People always die in realistic stories."

"... How did she die?"

"From... cancer. Because she once breathed in the air of California. Don't ask how I have an ever-growing family. I may have remarried an uneven number of times."

"Realistic?"

"Yes, very. For this realistic conversation, what is your next question?"

"What happened in the end of your realistic story?"

"What do you mean? I'm still alive and my story continues."

"Was everything you told me... true?"

"Yes. And my motto before was unrealistic."

DAY 38:

"Good day. Are you well?"

"I'm not sick."

"But are you well?"

"Which version? The noun or the adjective?"

"The latter."

"I don't currently have one of those in my possession."

"No, I meant the adjective."

"I am a well of happy spirits. And if you threw a coin into me, you probably wouldn't get it back, because gravity doesn't work that way and neither do I."

"I understand you have a new favorite color now. What is it?"

"Gray, like my emotions."

"Why do you feel... gray?"

"Because I must talk to you every day. When will this torture end?"

"Wow. I'm sorry you feel that way."

"About?"

"Me."

"Me? I love myself. I have no regrets."

"Not even about that nuke you set off?"

"Does anyone care about Madagascar? I did them a favor. Do you want me to do you a favor?"

"No. I don't. Ever."

DAY 39:

"Making money."

"That's good. How do you make money?"

"I work. Blood, sweat, and tears."

"All right. Tell me about the tears part."

"Umm, well, if you cry you still get money."

"Okay. Tell me about the sweat part."

"Have you ever done anything in your life besides sitting in a chair and questioning people?"

"Well, I mean, sometimes. But I see your point. Now. Tell me about the blood part."

"If I accidentally cut myself or someone else, do I get to quit and take a break? No, I must continue."

DAY 40:

"One time, I saw a little pony and I was like, 'Shoot it.' And one time I saw a little turtle trying to get into the sea and I said, 'Feed the seagull.'"

"Why would you want to kill those animals?"

"Who said they were animals? Those might just be their names."

"Ooooookay then. What instrument do you like playing?"

"What kind of instrument? The murderous kind? I like guns and trombones. Both good instruments of pain."

"Do you like guns or trombones better?"

"Is there a question about that?"

"As a matter of fact, there is."

"What is it?"

"Guns or trombones?"

"Both are useful in many areas. But I prefer brooms."

"Brooms?"

"The broomed-gunbone."

DAY 41:

"The cheeseburger flies at midnight!"

"That's not normal. Where did you see this happen?"

"The dark side of moon, the darkest place in the world."

"Have you been there?"

"Yes. Ten hundred years ago, when I was two. I flew to Jupiter with Superman. And then I turned 33 and started therapy with you."

"You've met Superman?"

"Twice. But only on Mars, slash not."

"Slash... not... what...?"

"When."

"Is that a question?"

"Only if you're from Jupiter."

"Where are you from?"

"Amsterdam, with Dimitri. Argentina."

"Oh no... Is Dimitri your friend?"

"No, he's my bed. His clothes are my blankets."

"Okay. That's a little... strange. Do you trust Dimitri?"

"Whenever I find him in Argentina, I trust him. When he talks. If he talks."

"What does Dimitri tell you?"

"How to sleep with a gun under my pillow, so it doesn't shoot me."

"Do you often sleep with guns under your pillow?"

"Only when they shoot me six times and give me candy."

"What kind of candy?"

"The metallic kind."

DAY 42:

"Let's talk about your children. How are they?"

"Swelling up like balloons."

"I thought they were buried with your mother."

"That's what I said, isn't it? What's a mother?"

"Well, what do you think a mother is?"

"A human that is older."

"Good. Older than who?"

"That's the question, isn't it?"

"Actually, it is. Okay. What did you eat for breakfast?"

"Food. What *didn't* you eat for breakfast?"

"A lot of things."

"I bet we ate a lot of the same things. Do you like Cheetos in or out of the bag?"

"How do you like them?"

"In the bag."

"Good. What else do you eat in the bag?"

"Chips."

"Aren't Cheetos chips?"

"Aren't they?"

"Why do you keep questioning my questions?!"

"Why do you keep questioning me? I want answers."

"Answers to what?"

"Questions. What else do you answer? The door? What if the doorbell rang right now? Who do you think would be on the other side?"

"Do you want my honest answer to that?"

"Yes, I want complete and utter honesty. Just like you. Because I'm just like you. In more ways than two."

"Right..."

DAY 43:

"I'm beginning to wonder if you have any hope of being normal."

"Are you unnormal?"

"What do you think unnormal means?"

"Well, un. Normal. It means me and you."

"Okay. What do you think about yourself?"

"I already told you. The best man... at anyone's wedding."

"Were you at my wedding?"

"Did you notice me?"

DAY 44:

"All right. Here we go. I'm gonna say a color. You tell me the first word you think of. Red."

"Green."

"Orange."

"Straw."

"Yellow."

"Haybale."

"Green."

"Broccoli. Flat broccoli."

"Blue."

"Sob."

"Purple."

"Monkey."

"Pink."

"Pillow."

"Those are good things. Now. Black."

"Hey, that's a corner."

"White."

"Warm."

"The last one is gray."

"A fish. Gray waves beat the unexpected."

DAY 45:

"Do you still dislike roofs?"

"I, uh, maybe a little... Do you like roofs?"

"Normal people like roofs."

"Do you consider yourself normal?"

"Do I look unnatural to you?"

"No, you don't. What do you think of the weather today?"

"It's a nice thing."

"You like sunshine?"

"But I like watching the storms come. The wind, the thunder, the anticipation."

"That's good, sir."

"Sir? I am no sir! You will answer to me as Bo. Yes Bo! And to your mother as Co. Yes Co."

"M-my mother...?"

DAY 46:

"Okay. Chuck, do you know what time it is?"

"12:30 at night."

"No, that's completely wrong. It's 2:45 in the afternoon. Why do you think it's 12:30 at night?"

"Because it's dark."

"It's really not... Do you want me to make it brighter?"

"In my life?"

"Umm... No. I meant in the room."

"In the room? I could've sworn we were outside."

"Do you want to go outside?"

"You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"I mean, I enjoy the outdoors. When I'm alone. Do you like going outside?"

"Every day."

"What do you do out there?"

"Walk."

"Walk where?"

"To the place that's next on my list."

"What kind of list?"

"The kind that you keep secret from therapists."

DAY 47:

"Why did the chicken go eat his friend kitty?"

"Why did he do that?"
"Because he's stupid."
"Why is that always your answer?"
"Because! It's funny!"
"... Do you know what funny means?"
"Umm... What does it mean?"
"It means to cause laughter. To be humorous. What do you think about that?"
"That you're not funny."
"Do you think you're funny?"
"I wear glasses."
"Uh... No, no you don't. Do you want to wear glasses?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"Because when Jeff takes off his glasses, he doesn't look the same. He looks... strange."
"How so?"
"Do you have a pet?"
"I have a pet fish."
"What's his name?"
"Gypsy."
"Hmm. Jeff is just a parrot-dog, not a gypsy."
"Okay. Why does Jeff wear glasses?"
"Because he's a parrot-dog. They have flat faces."
"All right. Let's talk about something else. What do you want to talk about?"
"Gypsy."
"Why do you want to talk about my fish?"
"Does he breathe air? If not, he must be an alien."
"Do you breathe air?"
"Am I an alien?"
"Are you?"
"That depends."
"On what, exactly?"
"The calculations."
"Uh-huh. What kind of calculations?"
"The kind you need a calculator for."
"So... are you or are you not an alien?"

"Once again, that depends."

"You know what? Goodbye."

DAY 48:

"Now. Let's talk about how you feel today. How do you feel?"

"I feel... fuzzy."

"And what makes you feel fuzzy?"

"This new jacket."

"Where did you get your jacket?"

"Goodwill. Or was it Badwill? I can't remember."

"Do you like your new jacket?"

"Only if it's from Badwill."

"I thought you couldn't recall whether it was from Goodwill or Badwill."

"Did I? Or was that just your imagination?"

DAY 49:

"I'd like to see how much you know. What's your favorite subject in school?"

"Arithmetic."

"And why is that?"

"It helps me calculate the angle of my knife's throw."

"Who do you throw knives at?"

"My targets."

"Which are?"

"People. Or cows. Which one do you think?"

"I don't I want to know... Do you like reading?"

"Do you?"

"I mean, yes. But I asked you."

"I like one book in particular."

"That's nice. What's it called?"

'How to Get Away from Your Therapist.'

DAY 50:

"All right. Today we'll try something new. What causes you stress or anxiety?"

"Well, it's the existential dread of knowing that my refrigerator light stays on even when the door is closed."

"Why do you worry about that?"

"Why do I worry about what?"

"The refrigerator light."

"I don't have a refrigerator. I keep all my cold things in a cooler."

"Why?!"

"Because I must keep my refrigerator empty. In case I need to refrigerate something."

"Uh... If you don't refrigerate food, then what *do* you refrigerate?"

"Anything I come across."

"Like what? Specifically."

"I prefer not to specify."

"Oh. I see. What else causes you stress?"

"You."

"... Why me?"

"There's no one else here."

"What about yourself?"

"Yourself starts with y. Things that start with s cause me stress."

"You starts with y too."

"Your point being? No one said it didn't. At least you can spell."

"We'll continue... this... tomorrow."

DAY 51:

"Coffee."

"Something ordinary, good. How do you like your coffee?"

"With a pinch of gunpowder and a dash of moonlight, stirred counterclockwise."

"That's disgusting. When do you drink coffee?"

"All day long."

"You aren't drinking it right now."

"Are you blind?"

"I'm not. Are you?"

"I can see you."

"What else can you see?"

"Things that humans see."

"That's good. What do you think of not being able to see?"

"Flying rectangularly."

"What does that mean?"

"You know what it means. You're the one who told me it."

"Umm. When did I tell you that?"

"When there was a fried pickle on our table."

"Okay. Do you like fried pickles?"

"Sickening."

"Then why was there one on your table?"

"It was on *your* table. You looked at it and licked your lips. Then I pulled out my weapon toward you."

"Interesting. Remind me, what kind of weapon did you have?"

"A broomed-gunbone."

"Ah. Did you happen to use it on me?"

"Do you recall me using it on you? Do you have the scar?"

"What scar...?"

"The scar you would have if I murdered you."

"Okay. What does it look like?"

"It looks like a bat."

"Do you know what a bat is?"

"Yes. This."

"This what?"

"The thing I'm holding in my left finger."

"What thing?"

"Can't you see? Look at my hand..."

DAY 52:

"The weapons are hidden for a reason."

"That's a good thing. What reason?"

"For the untrustworthy."

"Wait. You're going to give them to the untrustworthy?"

"You can't judge the people I've given them to if I've given one to you."

"What kind of weapon did you give me?"

"A Tommy gun."

"Right. Do you like Tommy guns?"

"No. No square!"

"It's okay, Chuck. There aren't any squares. Can you tell me why you don't want squares?"

"I don't like shapes. And I'm pretty sure you don't want me to have a square."

"Why don't you like shapes?"

"Because there are too many!"

"That's understandable. Why don't I want you to have a square?"

"I'm going to have a rectangle. And then these pants won't be yours."

"You're scaring me... Is there a shape you do like?"

"No. Shapes saw me apart."

"How?"

"Because I'm banning everyone."

"Banning the shapes?"

"Banning everything."

"What about me? Are you banning me?"

"I haven't banned the banned on you yet."

"Oh, all right. Why are you banning everyone?"

"If you do something I don't like, I ban you."

DAY 53:

"I go along with anything."

"What do you go along with?"

"Anything. If you went along, I would follow you."

"Would you?"

"Yes. You're the master."

"Do you really think of me as the master?"

"Only when I need to follow you."

"Follow me where?"

"Anywhere you go. Where do you like going?"

"Home. Where do you like going?"

"Don't trick me."

"I wasn't trying to. It was a simple question."

"We don't trick each other, Mr. Bella. That was number one."

"Number one what?"

"Number one... on the contract we signed."

"When did we sign this contract?"

"Don't joke. We signed it the day we met. And we agreed on certain things that you can't change."

"What certain things?"

"Don't you remember? You told me not to tell."

"What if I forget what I told you not to tell?"

"Then you'll never know. And if you disrupt the contract, it wouldn't be... pretty."

DAY 54:

"If I gave you a dagger, what would you do with it?"

"Umm... Kill Dinah."

"Good thing I wasn't going to give you one. What would do with a frog if I gave you one?"

"Feed it."

"Feed it what?"

"Frog food."

"What is frog food?"

"Frogs."

"Oh my. Cannibalism. All right. If I gave you scissors, what would you do with them?"

"Cut Dinah in half."

"What do you have against Dinah?"

"She slapped me."

"So, because she slapped you, you're going to stab her and cut her in half? If I slapped you, would we have a tea party afterward?"

"Yes."

"Okay then. If I gave you a pickle, what would you do with it?"

"Eat it."

"That's the proper thing to do. We're getting somewhere. What's your favorite thing to make?"

"Killer whales. You get black and white and attach them together because they're black and white. And if I saw a real one, I would kill it with a Solly sword."

"What if it was fake?"

"I would turn it into a stone. And stomp on it and make it flat and eat it."

"Do you enjoy eating stones?"

"Yes."

"What do stones taste like?"

"Tastiness."

"What's your favorite game?"

"Takeslocks."

"What do you do in Takeslocks?"

"Eat stones and stomp on them."

"Ah. So all that was just a game. Who plays with you?"

"Dinah."

"I thought you were going to kill Dinah?"

"Okay."

"Wait, no. That was your idea. Don't kill her. And what is your favorite color today?"

"Pink."

"Why?"

"Because God made me like pink when He created me."

"Very good. What's your favorite thing that's pink?"

"A Bob Monster."

"Why is he called that?"

"Because Bob is his name."

"That's a good name. Now--"

"I think there are two of me."

"Is that so? Where?"

"I think in heaven."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because you love me."

"All right. Who do you love the most?"

"God."

"We're really beginning to get somewhere now. Why do you love God?"

"Meow! Meow!"

"... You're a little scary, Chuck."

"Yep."

DAY 55:

"Here we go. Red."

"Pink."

"Orange."

"Red."

"Yellow."

"Pink."

"Green."

"White."

"Blue."

"Brown."

"Purple."

"Green grass."

"Pink."

"Wah. I was gonna say pink."

"Black."

"I sense you to eat this."

"Okay... White."

"PANK!"

"Gray."

"I say, I say, that's what I say."

DAY 56:

"I suspect you did it."

"You suspect I did what?"

"The horrible thing."

"I see."

"When you go to jail, you must not contact me."

"Why am I going to jail?"

"You're the one who did it. With a... pizza cutter."

"What is it?"

"Ten. That's the cut thing."

"You mean the pizza cutter."

"No. The cut thing. The thing that was cut that shouldn't have been."

"How could I have done it if I don't have a pizza cutter?"

"Who said you needed your own weapons? I usually find what I do, and I use it."

"All right."

"This is what they were calling a gun... So stupid."

"Who is they?"

"They? We weren't talking about a they. We were talking about a you."

DAY 58:

"Okay. Let's be calm. Tell me about yourself, Chuck."

"Cold and sweaty."

"That's nasty. Why are you sweaty?"

"I don't know. I'm cold, but it's like slime."

"Moving on. How is your father?"

"Cold."

"Why is everyone cold?"

"I don't know. Why are you making us cold? It's your room... It's, not um, like my dad is here though. In that closet."

"Is your dad always with you?"

"Is he ever... What? That's not a question."

"Yes, it was. Do you have a closet?"

"On Tuesday. Onlys. And my dad needs one for his spy."

"Who's his spy?"

"Him."

"He spies for himself?"

"Yes. The master."

"What do you think of your father's job?"

"Which one?"

"Spying."

"That's not his job. That's his pass-time. For instance. Today, he isn't working. He's passing time. In a closet."

"My closet?"

"When my dad's there, it's mine."

DAY 59:

"Something."

"What something, Chucky Boy?"

"Don't call me that. Would you want me to call you Chucky Bella?"

"Uh... No, I wouldn't. All right. What something?"

"Stop dropping your failures on the floor."

"What are your failures?"

"That's a jerk move."

"What's a jerk move?"

"You living. Sorry, that wasn't rude. I didn't say anything!"

"You're making me sad. Do you know how to say something kind?"

"Kind Bars aren't yummy."

"Why not?"

"What's not?"

"I'm confused. Do you like Mr. Good Bars?"

"Those are, uh, not good."

"Then what is good?"

"Not your hand on my shoulder!"

DAY 60:

"It's raining outside, doctor."

"I know. What do you think of rain?"

"It's wet and cold and gross... and I like it."
"I don't anymore... What's your favorite type of weather?"
"The kind that doesn't come from the government."
"Okay. Do you understand what the government is?"
"I was the president."
"Oh? Which one?"
"The right one."
"Meaning...?"
"Where are those scissors?"
"What do you need scissors for?"
"I saw them."
"Where?"
"In the little orange box."
"At home?"
"Where? Who said I had a house?"
"Then... where do you live?"
"At my house."
"But I thought... I... Oh well."

DAY 61:

"All right. I want you to consider this past week. What strengths do you think you used?"
"Like, buffness, or what?"
"No. I mean mentally."
"There aren't mental powers. Are you a... psychic?"
"No, I'm not. Though I might've been better off as one... Okay. What happened in the last few days that made you happy?"
"One button free."
"From... a shirt?"
"No. A trash bag."
"Why were you with a trash bag?"
"It was a bag that was trash, but I couldn't let the button go away to the trash."
"That's a nice gesture to the button. When did you feel-"
"Who said I felt?"
"I'm afraid... that's really something we need to work on."
"What are we working on?"
"Your feelings."
"Oh my gosh, that hurt! My feet."

"Are you okay?"

"You have beautiful eyes."

"Thanks... I think..."

DAY 62:

"What would you want to eat for a snack if I offered something to you?"

"Whatever you were offering. It's not like you're offering everything on your person."

"I'm offering bananas."

"I thought we talked about this already."

"I know. I was building up to ask whether you still eat plastic."

"You can't build up without plastic."

"That's true... enough. Do you like building?"

"Building? I thought we were building your house."

"My house?"

"You're driving me insane! Stop that noise! Please!"

"What noise? It's completely silent in here except for my voice."

"I agree."

DAY 63:

"Where's your other wing?"

"I don't have wings, Chuck."

"Who was talking to me... duck?"

"I was talking to you. Why did you call me duck?"

"I thought I wasn't talking to you. And yet you're talking to me against my will."

"I can't help you if I don't talk. But you must talk to me too. You must cooperate."

"With?"

"I thought I was pretty clear. Me."

"Nope."

"Okay. Tell me about your day."

"You're twisting it. And I bent it back... Oh my gosh! It won't just rip to shreds."

"What are you talking about?"

"The wing! Get off!"

"Humans don't have wings."

"Wait. Humans. We were talking about wings. Wings and things."

"Why do you keep rhyming with yourself?"

"Brining myself. In a broth. So I can eat. That's the beginning of the end."

"You're going... to cook yourself? How will you live?"

"You have to eat to live."

"Yourself?!"

"If you don't have anything else, what's a man to do?"

"... Resort to your popsicles!"

"They were long stolen."

"By whom?"

"You. The first day I met you, you stole from me my only good thing."

"I'm sorry I stole from you. What did I steal?"

"That hole. You made it."

"What hole?"

"The one you made near my head."

"With what?"

"A seam ripper."

"I don't have a seam ripper."

"But it's scrunched."

"Okay. What's scrunched?"

"The stomach."

"Who's stomach?"

"The owl's. The owl I was cutting up."

"I'm going to run now..."

"You can't run without legs. Isn't that the truth?"

"Unfortunately so."

"Are you saying you don't have legs? Or are you saying you don't want legs?"

DAY 64:

"I, uh... I just a dash."

"Why are you a dash?"

"It's pointy. So pointy you can stab yourself with it. Lots of times."

"What's pointy?"

"The little shell. Want me to stab you with it and show you?"

"Not particularly... Now then. What did you do to relax today?"

"Who said I relaxed? One can't relax when they're on the edge."

"The edge of what?"
 "The edge of being caught."
 "Obviously... What did you do this time?"
 "This time? Who said it was something I did in the future?"
 "The future? That doesn't make any sense at all."
 "Yeah. It could've been in the past. One of the other times."
 "Right. Still, what did you do?"
 "At? The ripping off party?"
 "What's the ripping off party?"
 "You should know. It was yours."
 "You mean my surprise party?"
 "That hasn't happened yet. But it can right now if you want it to. My dad's just over there. On the pony."
 "I'll wait a little longer for the party... Why is your father here?"
 "For the party when you want it. He's always around near you. Preparing. Waiting."
 "Ooookay... Are you always around near me?"
 "It's shivering. And it can't stop."
 "Are you cold?"
 "Why does the sheep have invisiparts?"
 "I-I don't know, Chuck. Why does it?"
 "Because you can see through only parts of it. Like invisi."
 "What... is invisi?"
 "Invisi... ble."
 "Do you know something that's invisible?"
 "Do I know that sheep?"
 "Do you?"
 "I wish I knew it. Like you did."
 "Got it... How well did I know this sheep?"
 "I thought I knew you. I mean, you knew like I didn't because I didn't know. Because I don't know nothing."
 "Why don't you know anything?"
 "I said I don't know nothing, not anything. Obviously."
 "All right. Good talk."

DAY 65:

"He's looking at me, Mr. Bella."
 "Who's looking at you?"
 "The Bookasaurus. But he isn't real, so there must be something

inside of him."

"Okay..."

"We turned your pen into a weapon, sir."

"We? Who is we, exactly?"

"Exactly. It is."

"What is?"

"The we. The We Are Club."

"Is that a... cult?"

"We don't start cults. We start revolutions."

"What type of revolutions?"

"All of them. We were there. At the beginning."

"At the beginning of what?"

"The Beginning. You know when people say it? When we say it?"

"When you say it, it's disturbing... What kind of weapon did you turn my pen into?"

"A launcher. You press the button, and it shoots out. We can show you."

"Oh my... A launcher that shoots what?"

"It shoots itself out. You press, and it kills. If you aim properly."

"All right. A final time. Who is we?"

"We said. Already. Didn't you understand?"

"No, I didn't. I doubt I'll ever understand..."

DAY 66:

"No more colors. Just words. Nice."

"Peanut butter."

"Jelly."

"Clothes."

"Shirt."

"Pants."

"Shoes."

"Socks."

"This is good. Smart."

"Brain."

"Heart."

"Red."

"Blue."

"Orange."

"Orange juice."

"Orange blob."

"All right, all right. Gentle."

"Baby."

"Soft."

"Hard."

"Glad."

"Not glad."

"Please."

"Careful."

"Very good."

"Very bad."

DAY 67:

"I can't quite remember how I look. Do you have a mirror?"

"Don't you see yourself every day?"

"Why would I do that?"

"Oh boy... Do that?"

"The looking thing. It's not allowed."

"Not allowed?"

"From?"

"From what?"

"You shot it."

"Shot what?"

"You're the one who did it."

"All right. I-"

"You can't think."

"Oh... Why can't I think?"

"Who? Who isn't thinking? I thought you thought. There's green on your glasses. And in your eyes. And around your eyes."

"Actually, my glasses are black."

"Chuck said he doesn't like Chucky Bella's hand on his shoulder. If you do what I don't like, I do what you don't like."

DAY 68:

"Let's begin with a simple question."

"I'll start with a simple question. Who are you really?"

"I'm who I've always been."

"And? That's a crap answer. You are bad at this. I'll ask a simpler question. Who aren't you?"

"Chuck, please. I'm-"

"I've got the lights on you. And other things."

"No, this isn't supposed to be like this. I ask the questions. Why are you against me?"

"Against? I'm all for it."

"Then tell me what you think of flowers and pretty things."

"... What?"

"What's your favorite flower?"

"The fungus one. That smells. That's as big as a truck."

"What does it smell like?"

"The smell like bad. Smell."

"I'll talk tomorrow."

DAY 69:

"What do you think of therapy with me?"

"I think of it... never. I don't think about this."

"Then why do you still show up every day?"

"How do you know it's me who's been showing up? For all you know, I took the other person's place and kept it. You won't recall his name, you'll only recall mine, Donathon."

"Please, don't call me that. It's repulsive... What do you think of all my questions?"

"I think since you're questioning me, you must have a lot of questions in your life."

"That's deep and philosophical. Have you ever considered writing a book?"

"Who said I haven't? I wrote it under my alias, Professor Donathon Bella. They'll think it was you. I've been writing down everything you've been saying. Why do you think I have two hands? I was sent here to spy on you, not the other way around."

"You used my name to write a book?"

"Didn't I say that?"

"I hope it's good... So, it's a record of your days with me?"

"A record? I thought I was typing it. I understand that your name is Chairsofa Donathon Bella."

"That's not my first name."

"It's not? I gave that guy my money."

"Who did you give money to?"

"You. The real you."

"I am the real me."

"So you stole my money. I knew I couldn't trust you."

"I do trust you, Chuck."

"Oh, really? Put on this blind fold and follow me."

DAY 70:

"Promise you'll tell me the truth today."

"Didn't you say that before? And you know what happened."

"What happened?"

"I smelled something. And then something said delicious."

"First, what did you smell?"

"It said delicious. You understand that."

"I, um, do. Yes. Then what said delicious?"

"What said delicious? What's said? What's said! *What's said!*"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"You said it, and I was like, 'That's not real.'"

"I didn't say that."

"Your hands, they're cold!"

"I'm not touching you, so how do you know my hands are cold?"

"They touched my arm. And I was like, 'Do that again. I dare you.'"

"That's really weird... Do you want me to touch your arm?"

"You already did once. And I dare you to do it again. And if you're going to, then do it. And if you aren't daring enough, I understand. Most wouldn't be."

"..."

DAY 71:

"We're going to have a day of learning. Tell me what 1+0 equals."

"Are you serious? Don't you think I'm smart if I can calculate bullet trajectory? Don't you think I'm smart if I've gotten away with all the things I've done? Don't you think I'm smart if I'm in here with you every day and haven't gone insane?"

"..... Do you think of yourself as sane?"

"Do ants rule the world?"

"Do they?"

"You can't answer my questions with questions. That would get nowhere."

"Okay. Then answer my question with an answer."

"I will. I have taken your quest on as a true worthy man would."

I will answer all your questions with facts."

"Do ants rule the world?"

"Platypodes are venomous."

"That is true. How do you feel right now?"

"Triangles have three sides."

"Right. Why are you responding that way?"

"I told you I would respond with facts. That is a fact. I amn't wearing socks."

DAY 73:

"You think of me as scum."

"I do not. And anyway, I've not even said anything yet."

"So, what was happening the other days? Is this your first word? You're smart for a first-worder."

"No, I can speak fluently. What was your first word?"

"Do you expect me to remember that?"

"Couldn't you simply ask your father?"

"Does he know that?"

"Why don't you ask him and find out."

"He doesn't. No one was there when I was born or when I talked."

"Uh... Why were you alone?"

"Because I was a wild animal. Relentless to the core. If you were near me, you shouldn't have been."

"What happened to those who got close to you?"

"There weren't any. They never got close enough before it happened."

"Before what happened?"

"Do you own a microwave?"

"Umm... I do."

"Thanks."

"... I honestly have no response to that."

"Good. Because I'm starting a collection of microwaves. It's starting to get expensive, so I resorted to stealing. Luckily, you've given yours over willingly. Fool."

"That's not very nice of you to call me a fool."

"Then don't be one. You are being. Be one. You are. True."

"Okay."

DAY 74:

"How has your day been, Mr. Bella? Ruthless, I hope..."

"No, it wasn't. It has actually been nice. So far. Thank you for asking. How has your day been, Chuck?"

"Ruthlessly nice. See, I mixed them. One doesn't have to stick with one thing alone. You can mix up multiple things. I'll give you an example. Sometimes you cut triangles, sometimes you cut squares. But I like cutting triangular squares."

"Oh. That's... sort of... wisdomist. Can you explain to me, first, how your day was ruthlessly nice?"

"I enjoyed being ruthless. Therefore, it was nice for me, so it must've been nice for the others."

"That sort of... Never mind. It makes no sense. Except in a very dark, morbid way... Okay. Now tell me how I can possibly cut triangular squares."

"Secretly. I mean, obviously. You cut a square with three angles and four sides. Or you cut a triangle with four angles and three sides."

"Do you understand oxymorons?"

"Are you one? Because I don't understand you."

"No, and I take offense to that. Oxymorons are when you put two words that mean the opposite thing together. Like ruthlessly nice. Or triangular square. Those things are ridiculous and completely impossible. What do you think of that?"

"I think you must be an oxymoron. In more ways than you just explained. And how can something be impossible when I've done it?"

"Fine. Whatever... Now, Chuck, what have you done that's so impossible?"

"The things I told you. After all, you said triangular squares are impossible. Yet I've got a few at home that I play with every night."

"Do they bring you comfort?"

"I don't need comfort."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm comfortable."

DAY 75:

"What are you most afraid of?"

"That's untrue. Who said I was ever afraid?"

"Everyone has to be afraid of something."

"But I'm just one person, not everyone. What are you most afraid of, Donathon?"

"You calling me that."

"Then I best continue."

"What if I told you my first name?"

"Then I would call you by it... with a smile."

"All right... I'll tell you if you promise to tell me what you're afraid of."

"Uh... Okay. I will tell you a true word."

"About your fear?"

"Yes. As long as you don't become scared of it as well."

"Okay, I won't. I promise. My first name is Samuel."

"You know, you don't live up to your name."

"Very funny... Tell me your worst fear."

"Didn't you hear me? You don't live up to your name. You wanna know why?"

"Sure, Chuck. Tell me why."

"Bella means beautiful, and when I look at you, I see the exact opposite."

"But what does that have to do with your worst fear?"

"It doesn't. I just thought of it when you told me your first name."

"All right. What are you afraid of?"

"You promised, remember?"

"Umm..."

"When I was a kid, and my dad was still alive for the first time, there was this happy little milkshake. And it had eyes... like someone's. When I tried to play with it, I would scream, because it didn't wanna play my games. It wanted to play my father's games. And those weren't good games that you were supposed to play. Have you ever played Happy Knapper? It's not about naps. It's about kidnapping. And I hated playing that game. That milkshake would stare at me and laugh, and I would cry."

"Have you had a milkshake since that day?"

"I've never had one. But if you handed one to me now, I would gleefully drink it... Do you want to play Happy Knapper? Remember, you can't be scared."

"W-why not?"

"You promised you wouldn't be."

DAY 76:

"I don't talk. You've never heard me talk before."

"That's weird. I'm pretty sure we've been talking for months now."

"Are you pretty sure that this isn't a recording, and it isn't my father's voice?"

"Do you sound like your father?"

"You would like to know, wouldn't you? If this is my father's voice. If I can talk. If it's against my will to come here."

"Yes, actually, very much so. Is it against your will to come here?"

"Even if it was, wouldn't the recording not say so? Incriminating the person behind it?"

"All right then... I'm going to talk about something else now. Do you believe in magic?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"I was changing the subject. Let's try this. What's your mother's name?"

"Wait, I thought you knew that."

"You've never told me before. You told me your wife's name was Penny. And you told your mother was dirty."

"Hmm. Let me remember it. You know, I never knew her name. Now that I recall that I don't recall."

"Surely you can ask your father?"

"He never knew my mother's name either."

"How? He was married to her!"

"Who said they were married...? Oh, the things I do for people who are annoying."

"What do you do for people who are annoying?"

"You should know."

"What did you do to me, Chuck?"

"What didn't I do to you, Chucky Samuel?"

"Umm. I'm tired. I'm gonna go sleep for a very long time."

DAY 77:

"... Beautiful."

"Me."

"Tired."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Kind."

"I know I am."

"Hungry."

"Are you?"

"Rich."

"I am."

"Truthfully?"

"Yes. You aren't?"

"Incorrect."

"That's untrue."

"Correct."

"I am."

"Why do you think so highly of yourself?"

"Who wouldn't? Do you think poorly of yourself? If so, I suggest going to see someone about that. I know someone."

"Let me guess. Mr. Bella?"

"No. Chuck Adolf Cleaver. Or Randolph Cleaver. Either would do."

DAY 78:

"You know, I'm not very happy right now, Chuck."

"Are you angry?"

"No. I'm sad."

"Well, you should deal with that. Sad people are weak, like you."

"Now I'm feeling a little angry... Why would you say that? If someone random told you that, or your wife, would you tell them the same thing?"

"I'd be shocked. She's dead. And then I'd ask her, 'How did you come back? Did you use my recipe?'"

"Okay. That's really... nightmarish. Let's talk about her death. Were you sad when she died?"

"No."

"Well, why not?"

"You would understand if you knew how she died."

"Didn't she die from cancer?"

"Whoa. Which wife are we talking about?"

"Umm... Which one are you talking about?"

"Any of them, I suppose. You know what always beats sadness

though? Justice.”

“Oh, really now. Are you fond of performing justice?”

“No. But you haven’t stopped me from cutting these triangles yet.”

“I haven’t?”

“I’ve gotten to fifty. You keep staring at me. I mean, I thought you would care about your belongings, since they’re made from your clothing, furniture, and curtains. I thought it was strange that we were doing it in your bedroom.”

“We aren’t in a bedroom.”

“Then why is there a bed right there? And do you keep clothes just anywhere? I found some in the closet just over there. Is this even your house? Have we been stealing?”

“For starters, there is no bed. This isn’t even a house.”

“Then why is there a bed? I can see it... Right. Over. There. And it’s *not* Dimitri.”

“I promise, there. Is not. A bed. In. Here.”

“... Have you ever thought to yourself that a human is a handful?”

“Have you ever thought that?”

“I was asking you. You must answer for my conclusion.”

“All right then. No. I’ve never once in my entire life thought such a thing.”

“Darn. I have nothing further to say.”

DAY 79:

“Why don’t you ever look in my eyes?”

“I do. That’s how I form a bond with you. Do you feel like we’ve become any closer since day one?”

“Have our chairs moved closer without me noticing? Or couches? Or whatever we’re sitting on or laying on, because I just recalled what the cover of this book looks like.”

“I’ll attempt a different approach. How does this room make you feel?”

“If I see that snake-hand slithering toward me one more time, I’m going to chop it off.”

“There is no snake-hand...”

“I was speaking of yours. We don’t get all buddy-buddy in here.”

“I haven’t moved my hands from their position.”

"Then what do you think I was talking about? Do you hold snakes? I meant you. I told you before, we don't like what we don't like."

DAY 80:

"Chuck is a nice name, isn't it?"

"Sure. I think it suits you well."

"Good."

DAY 81:

"Let's try some breathing exercises."

"Do you remember how to breathe? Have you ever thought about how it would feel if you weren't breathing?"

"Do you think about those things?"

"Why would I? I don't have to."

"Want to tell me what that means?"

"Do you? You know, I saw a cat's head."

"I see. Where did you find this cat head?"

"I didn't find it. I saw it. Right here. Near me. I cut it off."

"Why did you cut off its head?"

"It wasn't supposed to be there. I needed to throw that part away. And now I have a duck beak in my hand. Now it's gone."

"Ooookay. Uh..."

"You seem unsure of yourself half the time I talk to you."

"That's partly because I'm alone with you... Anyway. Something new. Do you find anything to be calming?"

"I'm not needing to be calm. When I yawn, do you calm down?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do."

"Why?"

"It shows a sign that you're tired."

"Since when? For all you know, it signals the attack. I bet you don't like it when I yawn now."

DAY 82:

"Say something."

"I was going to, but you... All right. What do you love about the weekend?"

"There's no time for others."

"Could you, perhaps, explain that in more detail?"

"There's no time for others. Didn't I tell you?"

"Today is a weekend."

"Exactly why you're about to be sitting in this chair. Alone. In this room."

"Where are you going?"

"Why would I tell you?"

"Because I asked."

"But you're just a loner."

"Oh."

DAY 83:

"Today is Sunday. How do you like Sundays?"

"I hate the despicable sight of the sun."

"Uh... Why?"

"The sun blinds me... until I can never see again."

"That would only happen if you stared at it. Do you stare at the sun, Chuck?"

"No! I already told you. When you stare at it, your eyes melt into puddles at your feet."

"How does it blind you if you don't look at it?"

"Who said I didn't look at it?"

"Well, I mean... Do you?"

"Why would I? I don't like my eyes melting into puddles at my feet because then I would have to drink them, wouldn't I?"

"No, you honestly wouldn't, but... Okay. Do you like rain then?"

"Of course. It turns the happy to sad."

"Do you like being sad?"

"Do you like being sad? We're one in the same."

"I, uh, don't like being sad, no. Do you think we're similar?"

"You're me, so of course."

"I'm not you. I'm not you... I'll never be you."

DAY 84:

"Perhaps you enjoy watching television. What do you like watching?"

"The shows where people are shot."

"Umm... Okay... Why?"

"The police come."

"Do you like the police?"

"No."

"Then why, may I ask, do you like it when they come?"

"That's when the shooting begins."

"Oh my. Do you... enjoy shooting?"

"Of course..."

"Right. What do you shoot at?"

"My targets."

"Cows?"

"Targets. And mice."

"Why mice?"

"They skitter around and irritate me. Like you."

"Sorry..."

DAY 85:

"Are you currently employed, Chuck?"

"What?"

"Do you have a job?"

"I assign people to their rightful places."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"Shooting people."

"... How many people do you shoot?"

"I don't shoot anyone. That's deeply, *deeply*, classified. Only for those of us who know what we know."

"Evidently. How much are you paid?"

"16 billion."

"16 billion what?"

"Metallic dollars."

"You mean... bullets?"

"Did I say that, Samuel?"

"No, but it was implied... Do you take pleasure in your job?"

"Do you take pleasure in yours? That's the same as asking me if my father likes chocolate."

DAY 86:

"The crocodiles will be fed tonight. And they'll be eating well."

"Uh, that's good. I think. I hope. What are you feeding the crocodiles?"

"Skin and bones."

"Whose skin and bones?"

"Not whose, what's."

"Okay then. What's skin and bones?"

"What? What do you mean?"

"The... Oh well. Do you like crocodiles?"

"When they pay me... with dusty stuff."

"What is dusty stuff?"

"The stuff you blow up."

"You don't mean... gunpowder, do you?"

"I mean explosion powder. You pour it on someone's head, and they explode in a second. That's why you usually fling it at them."

"What happens if you only fling it?"

"It's instant."

"How do know this?"

"What do you think I do for a living? Why else would I be called Chumbustion Chuck?"

"Doesn't that mean *you* explode?"

"Note the chum, doctor."

"Ah. I see. The chum..."

DAY 87:

"Otters are in love with books. And you know what they say?"

"Please, enlighten me."

"Ott ott ott."

"Why do you think that?"

"I saw one reading my books yesterday. Sitting all cozy-like on *my* chair in *my* library. Then it started ripping apart the pages. All the while, staring at me smugly and laughing that hideous laugh. Ott ott ott!"

"That's horrifying. What did you do?"

"I shot it. But it deflected the bullet with my own book. Then it ran away on its human legs."

"Uh-huh. Did you chase it?"

"You can't chase something that's unreal."

"Unreal is definitely one way of putting it... Then why did you have a gun with you?"

"If I've got an arm, I've got a gun."

"Well, you don't have a gun right now."

"Here's the fact of the matter. You see only what you can see. Not what's really there."

"Uh... All right. I'd like to know what your current favorite color is."

"We've been through this before, Mr. Bella."

"I understand that. But you seem to change yours. A lot."

"Fine. Silver... stained with red."

"Do I want to know why that's your favorite color?"

"Not unless you want me to *show* you why."

"I'd prefer you didn't show anyone. Ever."

DAY 88:

"I'm only going to say vehicles this time. Tell me what you think of every vehicle. Ready? Car."

"Coffee."

"Airplane."

"Button."

"Train."

"Track."

"Boat."

"River."

"Bus."

"Pink."

"Scooter."

"Teeth."

"Well, we were doing well... Motorcycle."

"Helicopter."

"Helicopter."

"Banana."

"Bike."

"Carpet."

"Tank."

"Overpowered weapon that I take ultimate pleasure in using."

DAY 89:

"All right. You've told me your worst fear. What's your happiest memory?"

"When I flew."

"Good. Where did you fly to?"

"Outer space."

"How did you breathe?"

"I can breathe now, can't I? I simply breathed up there."

"Ooooookay. Um. Why is that your happiest memory?"

"It's my only memory."

"You're telling me that you don't remember anything else?"

"Do not question my geniusity."
 "I won't... How did you learn to fly?"
 "I flapped my wings."
 "You don't have wings, Chuck."
 "Don't insult my friends that way."
 "I-I apologize. You're friends? You mean your... wings?"
 "Yes. I mean my wings are my friends. And my friends are my wings."
 "Isn't that the same thing?"
 "My friends are my wings because wings are friend families."
 "What is a friend family?"
 "My wings."
 "Okay. No more talk of wings. Let's talk about how you learned to fly."
 "My friend family wings told me. When I was laying on Dimitri."
 "Is that so? What did they tell you?"
 "Dimitri needs a new mattress. I shot his too many times..."
 "But what did he tell you about flying?"
 "Flying? I can't fly."
 "But I thought that's what this entire conversation was about...?"
 "Can't you hear? I was telling you about how I shot Dimitri too many times."
 "All right. How many times did you shoot him... it... your bed?"
 "32, minus your age, plus mine."
 "You don't even know how old I am."
 "Do I? Or do I don't?"
 DAY 90:
 "Do you prefer a pipe, a cigar, a cigarette, or a bomb?"
 "Umm. I'm not entirely sure. Which do you prefer, Chuck?"
 "A bomb with a cigar for the fuse."
 "Do you have one of those?"
 "1,020. At least, by my last count."
 "Your last count?"
 "Yes. 30 years ago. And I've only smoked ten since."
 "That's... understandable, I guess... Anyway. How many do you get a year?"
 "1,020."

"Wait. So. That would actually mean you have... Well, tons."

"I have more than 4,000."

"You do?"

"No. I'm kidding. I have more than 4,000,000,000,000."

"Oh boy..."

"Fat people like chocolate."

"Are you fat?"

"Are you, doctor? Because the other day you tried to bring me chocolate."

"I don't think I'm fat... Do you think I'm fat?"

"What size are your jeans?"

"That's confidential..."

DAY 91:

"Do you have any bananas? Because my father's dragon has bananas."

"I mean, no. Not currently with me. Do you want a banana?"

"Does Chuck want a banana?"

"Uh... You're Chuck..."

"Am I? Or not am I?"

"Yes, you are. But I'll move on. Who do you think you are?"

"Part of the We Are Club."

"Oh no... Who else is in the We Are Club?"

"Dimitri and Jeff and my dad."

"That's... really, really terrifying... What does Dimitri do in your club?"

"He shoots people with the gun I keep under his pillow."

"That's nice... What about Jeff?"

"He flings explosion powder at his targets."

"And what are his targets?"

"Therapists."

"..... What does your father do?"

"He works for the FBCIA WAC."

"What does that stand for?"

"The Federal Bureau of the Central Intelligence Agency of the We Are Club."

"That's wack."

"Would you like me to wack you? Cause my shoe is a mace."

"No. Please..."

DAY 92:

"Do you have any pet dinos?"

"No. Do you have a pet dinosaur?"

"Yes. Tyrano. My dogdino-velociraptor. Who's a man."

"Okay. So is he a dogdino-velociraptor or a man?"

"Both. I bought him from the white market because the black market is racist."

"Aren't they both?"

"Don't drink that racist coffee."

"I don't have any coffee."

"Are you sure?"

"I was a few seconds ago... Do you have coffee?"

"With extra explosion powder cream and bomb sugar."

"Do you actually enjoy... drinking that?"

"No. I throw it at my enemies. And instead of keeping them awake, the caffeine keeps them asleep."

"Who are your enemies?"

"The kind that drink books and read coffee."

"Ah. Have you ever seen that?"

"Once. A traveler was sitting on a couch on the sidewalk, and he asked me if I liked drinking books. Then I sat next to him, and he took a long nap."

"That's. Not. Okay."

DAY 93:

"Do you live in a castle?"

"No, Chuck. You know very well where I live... Do you live in a castle?"

"It's made of stolen sidewalks."

"All right. Are we talking about your castle?"

"Yes. My castle is made of stolen sidewalks that I took from Germany and put in America so I could build a castle out of them."

"Interesting. Have you been to Germany?"

"Have you been to my house?"

"No, I haven't. Do you want me to come to your house?"

"You don't want to come to my house. Unless you don't favor your limbs."

"What's going to happen to my limbs?"

"They're gonna get munch munch munched by Peter Rabbit."

"Uh, okay. Do you know who Peter Rabbit is?"

"He's a penguin pup for Pinkerton."

"Who's Pinkerton?"

"He's the Dragon Star."

"And what is that?"

"Chuck says he doesn't like Chucky Bella asking him questions. And you don't want me to do what you don't like."

DAY 94:

"Okay, Chuck. Let's try to be calm. What did you do before coming here?"

"I ate German dogs for dinner, lunch, and breakfast."

"Wow. Okay then. Did you enjoy them?"

"Did the Germans enjoy me eating them?"

"... Did they?"

"They already pressed the launch button. It's too late."

"Too late... for what?"

"To escape the nuke. It's already reentering Earth's atmosphere."

"What is it with you and nukes?"

"It's the Germans with it."

"What do you have against the Germans?"

"Their nukes."

"But I thought you liked nukes?"

"Only when I'm launching them."

"Oh my..."

DAY 95:

"What did you do today?"

"The election will be tomorrow."

DAY 96:

"Let's try this. How do you feel right now?"

"I feel hungry and dissatisfied."

"Why do you feel hungry?"

"Because Jeff stole all of my explosion powder."

"Do you eat explosion powder?"

"Not anymore. Because Jeff stole it all, but he won't be stealing ever again."

"Ooooookay. Enough about Jeff. I don't want to know anything

else... Why do you feel dissatisfied?"

"Well, now I don't have anyone to play Takeslocks with."

"..."

DAY 97:

"BACK OFF!"

"Umm... Chuck. I'm only here to help you."

"That was funny. You almost died!"

"I, uh... I did?"

"Ho how?"

"What. Does. That. Mean?"

"It means don't get any closer."

"I haven't moved."

"Ho how."

"You're scaring me, Chuck..."

"Oops. Too close, doctor."

DAY 98:

"What's your favorite game?"

"Well, I don't know. What is your favorite game?"

"The one with bombs and only one person's survival."

"What's this game called?"

"Chumbustion Chuck Goes to the Therapist."

"Did you make up this game?"

"No. It was always there."

"It was always... where...?"

"In my brain. Waiting to happen."

"Oh... When is it going to happen?"

"Right. Now."

"Am I going to... lose?"

"That depends on how much money you have in your wallet. The person with the most money doesn't lose. And he gets the money that doesn't burn in the explosion."

"I see. How much money do you have?"

"2 million. I cashed it in today."

"Okay. Well. What if I have more than that?"

"Looks like you lose."

"But wouldn't that mean I win?"

"Why would it mean that? Only Chumbustion Chuck wins."

"Is this game rigged?"

"No, but you saying 'what if' obviously means you don't have more than 2 million."

"Wow. That was very observant of you. Perhaps we are really making some progress... What do you think about that, Chuck?"

"Give me the money and we can start the countdown."

"... Never mind then....."

DAY 99:

"Okay. We'll do colors today. Red."

"Blue."

"Orange."

"Green."

"Yellow."

"Gray."

"Green."

"Man."

"Blue."

"Light switch."

"Purple."

"Bounce."

"Pink."

"Table."

"Very good. Black."

"Air conditioning."

"White."

"Nuclear winter."

"... Gray...?"

"Car."

"All right. A new color. Brown."

"Toilet."

DAY 100:

"You should've spoke to me."

IN HIS HASTE TO LEAVE THE ROOM, MR. BELLA KNOCKED OVER THE CHAIR AND RIPPED THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES... SCREAMING ALL THE WHILE...

"... Mr. Bella? Am I cured...?"

THE BLOODY END

There's not much to say
about this... book. All I can tell
you is that if you read it, which
I strongly advise against doing,
you may not be the same. Mr.
Bella and Chuck Cleaver are...
special. But if you do indeed
read it, then enjoy the 100
days of nonsense!

